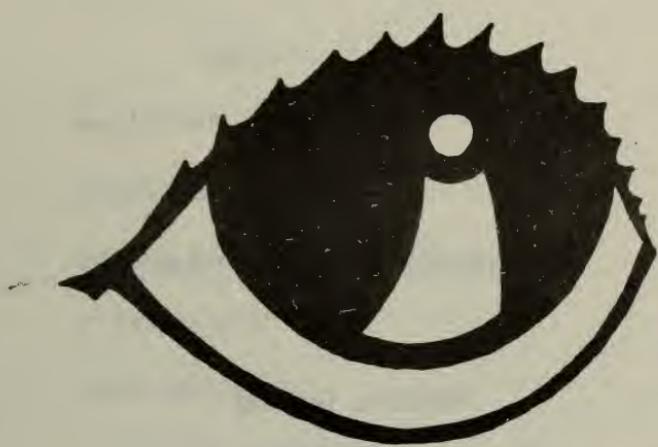


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POEM

We smiled, you and I,

Exchanged thoughts

across the room.

I liked your look

your way, but

I sensed a tension

like the finest steel wire

drawn taunt, singing

an excited pitch.

A tension born

of shyness, fear,

of some hurt long past.

I saw these things,

and more-

I saw myself.

By
D.J. Small

THE UNICORN

The unicorns arrival is,
never really known.

Like a misty cloud that sneaks up from behind.

Its magic is,
rarely ever shown to those it doesn't trust.

When it is threatened,
the unicorn will hide.

Confronted with danger,
its fear is left behind.

A surge of power flows, like a dam about to burst
To protect
the good cause it knows.

The unicorn comes freely
to those who are kind.

Its usefulness greatened
by those who understand.

By

Greg Davini

I anticipated a smile from across the room,
wet my naked lips to receive it,
but it was behind glass.

I saw the smile
bounce back
shine softly and disappear
out of grasp.

On the night of the new moon, I rose
and went into sharp midnight air.
I revelled in the dark gray stillness,
became sure of the stability
of all that surrounded me,
the trees, the fence, the earth;
the horse, a great bulk shadowed behind me,
was a snuffling, docile companion,
a silent witness to the star
cresting and descending a fateful course
across the sky.

A galactic grin from a foreign knowledge
mock my foolish confidence
shine softly and disappear
out of grasp.

By

B. Oslund

A NIGHTFALL'S IMPRESSION

Tree shadows shiver
on the lawn underfoot;
in a black sky
a white crescent moon
approvingly smiles.

Fragrance of evergreen
accented by rain
touching my nostril
 like a finger new-born
and it lingers - while the air
ricochets off the leaves
in a clandestine whisper
like some crackling distant fire.

My shadow shivers
on the lawn underfoot;
in a black sky
a white crescent moon
approvingly smiles.

And now as if everything
 was of shadows of moons
 of trees and of leaves
 and of evergreen fragrance
still I remain oblique -
the silent deity
indifferent yet benign
to all that I've created.

By

David Wyman

WASTELAND

Meet me on the wastelands--
 later this day,
We'll sit and talk and hold hands maybe,
 For there's not much else to do in this drab
 and colorless place

We'll sit amongst the rubber tires
Among the discarded yesterdays
People have no use for
 among the smouldering embers of tomorrow.

And when or if the sun shines,
Lighting our once beautiful features,
We'll smile but only for a few seconds
For to be caught smiling is to acknowledge life
A brave but useless show of compassion,
And that is forbidden in this drab
 and colorless world.

Meet me on the wasteland
 the one behind,
The old houses--the ones--
 left standing pre-war,
The one overshadowed by the monstrosities--
councils call homes.

We'll sit and probably hold hands.

And watch the rain fall--
tumble and fall,
Just like our lives.

By

David Langdon

ANTIGONE'S SONG

My name is Antigone,
my nature unsure;
I live in more misery,
Than I can endure.

My mother to my father,
both mother and wife;
her son and her husband,
how could I have life?

Polynieces and Eteocles,
my brothers in blood;
both slain by eachother,
lie broken in mud.

The traitor and hero,
are equally born;
equally courageous,
equally torn.

Yet one leaves with honors,
the other no prayers;
I come to your rescue,
for no one else dares.

A breaker of man's laws,
A legend I'll be;
A lesson I'll die for,
but live morally.

The battle around me;
I wrestle exceeding;
It's not where I've been,
but where I am leading.

The King says I'm evil,
my God waits below;
For truth I am sent here,
but where shall I go?

I'll be with my father
we two are the same;
What's true is our slayer,
what seems is a game.

My mother and brothers,
I'll once again see;
I'm helpless to stop it,
for it's meant to be.

Well, fasten the locks;
on my fortress of stone,
Let my soul go now;
where my family has flown.

I too must stand true,
to my highest convictions;
Are not laws of God,
of man or restrictions?

By

Laura Dufault

POEM

Across the landscape it's snowing,
shifting white shadows through darkened streets,
and it seems the sun will never again
put her loving arms around this place.

So my mouth is open, and the cold air
whitens my breath,
but with what words can I speak
of pain that has been endured
through the times of men,
fought with so many words,
sung in endless lyrics.

How can I write a love poem
when my pen only traces the paths
of feelings carved in stone,
a sculpture never finished,
poets and artists eternally chiseling
but never finding
an axis of perfection.

So the snow pelts my face
as it strikes the faces of the other
souls moving on this muffled street,
and how can I cry
when tears slide down a child's face
forming a route for his fears to follow
as he grows to be a man.

It keeps on snowing anyway,
the snow frosts my eyelashes,
softly obscures the buildings on this street
I walk, and my footprints
secretly disappear under the shelter
of sharp, lifeless snowflakes.

By

B. Oslund

IMPRESSIONS

Barefoot,
You walk along
the empty beach, leaving
impressions
in the moist sand,
your right foot playing
follow the leader
with the left.

I, too, travel
that sandy trail,
guided by your
footprints in the sand.
An impossible quest: pursuing
five independent toes
and a dawdling
heel,
but I never reach
you, for
although we journey down
the same path,
you are going in
the wrong direction...

By

Patti Emma

POEM

Time's

All in pictures now,
in a cookie jar
to be eaten in sudden lust.

Or,

As in beauty shows
where all contestants
line up for inspection,
Though in the act no beauty shows its face.

But done,

Time's

All in rivers gathered
through wax and wane flowing
and leaves but crumbs
for nibbling.

By

Andrea Peters

POEM

Awake,
Into
Some old woman's afternoon.

Sunlight,
(tawny, after noon distilled)
Pads cross the floor,
Purrs against my ear,
Echoes back
Back to some child that was I.

Sulky, taking nap
Listens to the passing buzz of planes,
As will
Some old woman that shall be I.

Dust motes swirl
In the tail of the sun.

I yawn against the
Mildew
Taste of fear.

By

A. Peters

POEM

I stretch my rubber face
into a smile
while
my mind reels
my eyes dance

the marathon
it never ends

I dance alone
out by the ropes
where I perceive
another ugly judge
and
I stretch my rubber face
into a smile.

By

R. M. Dorval

POEM

In creeps spring
thrusting out green fingers.
green limbs.

-a hypnotist-

we see only green
veils and imagine
growth and life and...

But don't imagine
on what spring feeds;
the skeletons, the rotting limbs
of last year.

There are pterodactyls there,
and men,
and tomorrow...

By
A. Peters

